

LETTER

To Dr. W. KING, occasioned by his *Art of Cookery*.

S I R,

I Read your *Art of Cookery* with an Appetite entirely satisfy'd: Your Dishes are so lively serv'd up, that instead of a Whet, which the reading of imaginary Ragoufts and Fricassees might in all probability have given; like young Physicians, who are sick of all the Diseases that attend the Study, I rancy'd myself, for a while, perfectly fed and full; and then by an easie and very natural Pursuit of the Thought, I retir'd forsooth, (O! the Power of Verse!) to discharge all those Poetical Dainties, which now were no longer agreeable, or useful; squeezing there to bring forth, by a peculiar Strain, accommodated to the Place and Occasion; it came into my Head that nothing now could more finish and compleat your Character, than to induce you to oblige the World with some short Animated versions by way of Commentary upon *Mendosa's Ars Cacandi*. O! *dilectum Caput, quam te ambabus amplecteretur ulnis, si de loco & tempore Cacandi, cum omnibus circumstantiarum punctulis eo pertinentium, disertissime ageretur*. I was so pleas'd with the Subject and your Abilities of performing it to the satisfaction of the World, that in short, I concluded it perfect and done; and

A

there

1608/3974.

[7]

there invoking the Genius of the Place, upon the Spot, I
devised these following gratulatory Lines for you :

*Edacissimo, necnon Cacantissimo suo amico Willielmo King,
in sua, in Mendosæ Cacandi artem, Commentaria.*

Qualis tu filiens, facili cum pocula fumis.
Multa haustu, multo venas impletus Iaccho.
Tempore in exiguo, quod tanta verba rotabis,
Multa aptus semper dicens, et ausque bibendi.
Vi quali (Vomitum quando dedit Indica merces,
Aut vinum nimixque dapes; *Ætnæius ignis,*
Squallores, imo, putresque in ventre reclusæ,
Erumpunt, nocuoque infestant acra Odore.
Vel quam præcipiti motu; (semperque paratur
In statione sua, semperque expectas euntem)
Arte tibi medica, turgescens solvitun alveus;
Ingenium quod, nec Scaphia excurris, cunctaq; Cloacas.
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, tibi fertile factum
Stercore de proprio cerebrum, partesq; remotas,
Sympathiam aut passas, constare aut partibus iisdem.
Quantum ego te veneror, quantumq; amplector amice!
Pectore, cuius amor, cuiusque excurrat Imago
Mente meâ nunquam, dum dentes faucibus hærent,
Dum gustus, Stomachusque manent, dum merda tenaci
Podice servatur, multa tergendæ Papyro.
Ans tibi miræ fuit! Fruerataq; industria multa,
Assesquereris enim nunquam feliciter artem,
Tam variam, Lotio multum nisi dedisisses,
Hælluo ni pronus nobisq; Cacantior unus.
Quam miror diversæ Fimi Phenomena, miror
Narrantem varios usus variosq; colores.
Et quæ cura tibi cum nos federa iuberet.

Ex.



Breuiter hunc de mollem lacerans menter
 Neu Boreas Anem, multum conuina iuuentus
 Annosusque senex, multum tibi sanus, & ager,
 Et debet medicina fluens, sed plurima Lotrix,
 Cuius in auxilium, Tu dulcis, & utilis idem.
 Tempora sed referens, quam grandis Pagina surgit,
 Ceu hos mane nouo, ceu post pentacula, mandas,
 Cum nitido, comptoque Team tibi serua ministrat,
 Et Bibulo Teioque feni, si carmina demas.
 Attamen utilior nullo mihi tempore factus
 Quam cum iura, fientis solique Ecclesia ventrem.
 Tu bene succurris, tu tanta pericula firmo
 Podice ferre jubes, extemplo Parliamenti.
 Perge igitur; faciemque tuam mala merda colore
 Tingat nulla suo, facilis tibi defluat omnis
 Alueus, oblitus nuncquam, Boreamque benignum
 Et sedem inuenias non deficiente Papyro.
 Si qua fames urget, promptus fiat cibus, atque hoc
 Nil vorat dubit, multumque iuuat, & sanus,
 Non sapere, aut fari possit, si sentiat, atque hoc
 Contingat tibi, Chare, mihi Contingat, amice.

No sooner had I rumbl'd this over, but a Stitch took
 me in my left Side, which was follow'd by a very op-
 pressive Pain in my Stomach; and these brought me to
 my self, and deliver'd me out of my Chimerical Feast;
 for in spite of all your Art, and mine, to divert it, I
 found invincible Yernings in my Bowels; and out of a
 fellow feeling, and pure Compassion to the rest of hun-
 gry Mankind, considering how useful an Entertain-
 ment of this sort might be (from its effects for a while
 on my Appetite) to some of those Gentlemen who
 sometimes dine with the D. at St. Albans; and confi-
 dering how few of 'em can make a Meal of a Latin

Mess, I have resolv'd to translate this useful Tract into English, whenever it shall bless the Day with its Appearance, and to dedicate it to your self, the most fit Patron and proper *Mecenas*. And in order to clear my way, have prepar'd for you this following Dedication; which according to custom, I send, that you may see whether you are pleas'd with your self, as I have drawn you: And this encourages me to write, as it has done Thousands before, *viz.* that let what will be the Fate of the Book, they're sure of gaining one point, of pleasing their Patron: A very gawdy Outside, generally, like his own, to a very indifferent Composition within.

To his Most-Craving, Cooking, Carving, Eating,
Sh-----ing, and Wipeing Friend, W. K.

AS you are entituled to the Patronage of every thing of nice Literature, from your General Learning, and Reputation thence acquir'd, so I hope you will excuse this Boldness of mine, in addressing my Endeavours of this sort to you, since it is to do justice to your Parts in the English World, who by your Latin Treatise, are known from Tooth to Tail to be an entire Master of all that can be said on this Noble Subject. I must confess, it had never appeared Abroad without your Approbation; and my request still is, that as you often have taken pains to view it by Parcels in Manuscript, so you'll continue your Favours to me and the Publick, to amend by a more Correct Edition, whatever is faulty in this, and to add such new Discoveries as you have since made; for you apply so close to Affairs of this sort, that we may reason-

sonably expect it : And happy am I, who on this unusual Subject, have the Defence, Advice, and Approbation of so good a Friend, and so good a Judge. Your Friendship! how Generously do you shew it; witness the distressed Lady, who lives and resides chiefly in this Town, within the solitary unfrequented Walls of that (huge Building, call'd St. Paul's : Whilst she Flourish'd, you had as little value for her as any Lawyer of 'em all; but now how bravely do you support her in Distress! how Eloquently do you set forth her Miseries, and how Oraculary foretell her Fall. O those balmy Lips in behalf of a dying Lady; how are the Ears, even at a distance attatch'd to 'em, of those Melancholy Lovers of hers, the Gentlemen at Childs. Your Judgment! all the Learned World which knows you, knows that : Let them testify, let your Writings testify how you have obtain'd in that Art which employs my Pen; you are an Original, the *Genius Edendi & Cacandi conducendusq; Magister*. For to begin; What Cooks Shops have you not been in? What Noble-Men's Kitchens have you not seen? What bold Professor of 'em all will not subscribe to you, my *Apicius*? The Caps pull'd off, the Apron laid down; the Ladle submitted; Brawn himself Subscribes when you appear. That Eye! that Nose! that Finger! that Palate! an Irish Ch---ry-man will make an English Cook at any time. Let *Archangelo* then mix Colours, *Marb- bro* Marshall his Army, *Tillotson* Preach and Practice, you can jumble Sauces; you can display a Table; you can hold a Discourse on it longer much than a Grace; you can eat it when you have done: *Sago*, *Vermijelly*, *Cachap* and *Mango*, you know 'em better than *J. F.* the Wh---s in St. J---s P---k; what's their Excellency; what's their Vice;

Ton

-no airt no *You know* *benqall* *bnA* : *ti fsoxe yldanol*
 -orqqa *bnA* *Epicurean* *znmkl*. *orl* *evad* *foidne* *lanlu*
 Whose Poignancy's fittest to raise the dullness of a languid Appetite ; which is fittest to answer the keenness of a craving Inclination. O what Receipts, Ladies, has this wonderful Man for you ! And now methink I see you about Noon ; with what vivacity of Impatience do you stay till Grace is almost said ; eager (as Mr. T. at Nine) when the Appointment's made) to open and display the Legs of a Fowl, and receive the glad tydings of a fat Rump well furnish'd with Eggs. How are the Rules of handling your Weapon forgot at your first pushing onsets : The exactness of Tierce and Second, are neglected, and the Thrust unartfully made at the soft part in that great heat and vigour of Blood, till at length the Passion's over, Satisfaction had, and then Sir, you come to your Carving, to that dexterity that dispatches a Fowl as soon assunder as Mrs. O. And Oh ! when your Knife's as keen as your Appetite, what Symmetry of Parts appear, and now just are you to 'em, by leaving, thou Cookly Anatomist, the proper Flesh, and proper Fat to every one of 'em. And now methinks I see you agen out-doing yourself : How Sweet, how Obliging at this time is my Friend to his Company ! Those Hands which e'er long ministred to his private necessity, and all little enough God knows, are now employ'd in the Publick Good : That Mouth that not long since was stopp'd by a fullen Silence, is now open'd into all the Agreeableness and Complacency imaginable : Where shall I help you, Sir, for I love to be doing ; What Bit of What Bone ? for no Man hits a Joint better than I do. Thus Refresh'd and Regal'd do I leave you cheerful and pleas'd, drinking to the Queen and Marl'bro, pleas'd with the Ministry the Jest of the Com.

Company, and under no concern, but that of a good Patriot, the Danger of the Church, and so well fill'd, and so well pleas'd, that you can hear S--- talk of Potricks, and L--- of Love for an Hour together, till that which entertain'd you above, is now to be consider'd below. Now when that elaborate Piece of yours, and my Translation are of use: Mine! that fears no Enemy, no Defacing, unless Paper grows scarce, and you buy a whole Edition for your all-devouring A--- and indeed that is the part of you which now I apply to; there my Dedication tends, that as I have been desirous to be serviceable to that, so it would protect and defend me from nothing but itself. Pardon therefore, if in broad English Sir, I offend your Ears in the least by talking of the A---, that endless, bottomless Subject, which indeed I am the less afraid of, because you your self pay so great a regard to that valuable Part of you, so nicely handled; so clean; so Warm; such Linnen; such Provender, I must own I have respect in all this Dedication to none so much as that: And what Pains have you not taken for its Accommodation; how good Diet? How gentle Physick? and how fine, and finely manag'd Paper? To whom then should I address but to you; you, who understand the Seasons, know what Winds are fit for that Rudder of your Body, as well as Sir H--- F--- for a Packet. Oh how your Head is turn'd to consider the welfare of your Tail, Sir: What can surpass that various Mechanism of yours for Closetools, unless *Condum's*, for --- adapted to all Ages and Sexes, Distempers and Houses; Which for the Costive; which for the Lax; which for the Maid; which for the Man, *Mendosa*! what Bowels would you have had for this swelling Commentator, this wonderful Proficient, who by dear Experience, and constant consulting

sulting of the Face on all the different Revolutions below, can as truly tell the state of Man there by Physiognomy, as other Porers do the state of the Body by what comes thence; whom if he consults they'll judge to the same purpose, but by a much clearer Method; for you can tell even when a Man will Fart, by his Face; you who have all Prognosticks settl'd in your own dear Phiz. Useful Friend, useful to the Lover, useful to the Man of Business; useful to the Soldier going to Fight, to the Sinner in the Dark; who can tell to a Second how long a Man will Go, as well as *Flamstead* how long the Wife when got with Child to the Husband's Hand. Thus qualify'd, Pardon Sir, if I throw your self Translated at your own Feet, whose Modesty perhaps may blame me, for insisting too much on your Qualifications, but who am sure to be forgiven by the World, since I am so far from Flattery, that this is but a meer Historical relation of Matter of Fact. Long therefore may you live, and when you die let this be inscrib'd,

Under this Stone

Inter'd lies one

Who ever read *Coke* on Littleton,

That was *Coke*, *Horace*

Translated for us,

Which was more kindly done.

His chief Industry

Lay in Pastry;

And therefore in the Dust,

Long I lay, may you live a Patron to such useful Undertakings; may your Stomach be good, your Meat wholesome; your Coat and Linnen clean; your Knife sharp; your Sawce of your own prescription; Your Close-stool easie; and lest my Paper should fall a Sacrifice to that Idol *Bum*, that your B---y and B---h may never want Provender, is the earnest Desire of your

Season'd for Pye

His Flesh doth lye,

His Coffin is the Crust.

When th' World is done,

'Twill be begun

For to be bak'd I trow;

but at that time,

(to make our Rhime)

God send his Cake be't Dough.

Sh-----t.

POSTSCRIPT. The happy Translator is desired for the use of the Eng. Reader, to oblige him with the gratulatory Verses in the Vulgar Tongue. Dated at Amsterdam July 6. 170



